

## THE WAR TALES

Of Captain Musgrove Davis  
Romantic and Pathetic.

SAVING A COMRADE'S LEG.

The "Saw-Bones" Held Up With a Gun—Playing Rebel Spy—Captain Bailey's Report, One of God's Fools—A Loyal Comrade and Other Rich and Varied Experiences of the Men Who "Fit" Out the "Wah" of '61 to '65.

"Who did you say?"  
"General Jones, General Salem Jones. Do you know him?"  
"I should think so. Well, well; what a superior in the Army of the Cumberland. He once offered me a place upon his staff because of an act of desperation; he was good enough to call it pluck."

"Tell you about it? Well, I was going down the Ohio River to rejoin my regiment, and merely to pass away the time on the boat I must needs play the fool by causing the impression to get about that I was a rebel spy, though, in fact, I wore the straps of a Federal lieutenant. I had no idea there was a general on board, nor did I realize what a serious matter my joke was likely to become if taken in earnest."

"Before I could say Jack Robinson, I was under arrest—by order of General Jones. This aspect of the case made the matter less funny than I had expected. The general got off at Cairo, taking me with him to Fort Henry, Tenn., a prisoner. He was commanding and recruiting at that point, and I saw that I was in a fair way to go before a drum-head court-martial. I knew no one, being, as I said, on the way to join my regiment. My very folly furnished the longest proof against me. I had given myself away, but I was wise enough to know that the less I talked the better."

"I asked to see General Jones again."

"General," said I, "I am first lieutenant of the 10th New York, Twelfth Corps."

"The general's countenance grew very stern as he replied: 'You are a spy by your own confession, with a good chance of being shot within two hours.'"

"General Jones," I protested earnestly, "I am no more a spy than you are. That I have been a fool, I admit. Why I attempted this silly joke, only the god of fools can tell; but I did."

"General, I faced the hordes of Beauregard at Bull Run; I fought under Sumner at Williamsburg; I was wounded at Seven Pines, and fell again at second Bull Run. Believe me, nothing but a foolish, boyish love of excitement has brought me to this pass. I will not even ask you to wait until you can communicate with my regiment, but place me in any position of danger, and with loaded muskets behind me, if you like; put me in the van of any forlorn hope; only let me prove that I am loyal. Why, my father is an abolitionist of New York state, and I know only anti-slavery views. I was never south of Mason and Dixon's line until I enlisted."

"Well," the general replied, "you are either a knave or a fool, that's certain, and I don't think it makes much difference which. But you protest well, and I will try you."

"He took me in front of the breastworks, and said: 'Young fellow, you see that expanse before you? It looks innocent enough, but the whole ground is planted with torpedoes, waiting for the enemy's approach. You say that you are loyal, and ask to be allowed to prove it. The evidence is against you, but I give you this one chance. You may walk over that ground for half an hour. If you touch a torpedo, you will be blown to atoms. If you shrink nothing and escape, you shall have your liberty. Take that or a drum-head court-martial.'"

"I took the chance. My scalp felt as if it were two inches from my head, and the wind seemed to be blowing through the space. Every particle of my skin seemed to stand out from the flesh underneath it, and the perspiration rolled down my cheeks like the cataract of Niagara."

"There wasn't a torpedo near the place, and there never had been—but I didn't know it!"

"The general recalled me after a little time, with some pleasant remarks, and offered me the position above alluded to. I thanked him, but was too anxious to get away from that spot to stand not upon the order of going, but went."

"Jones and I have met many times since the war, and he always delights in referring to what he calls 'the fun.' I failed at the time to see where the amusement came in; and I am not exactly sure about the hilarity of the occasion even now."

## Captain Bailey's Report.

In the autumn of 1864, Sheridan and Early were having fun with each other in the Shenandoah valley—most of the fun, it may be remembered, being on Sheridan's side.

Opequan had been won, historic Winchester passed, and the now famous Cedar Creek crossed, when Sheridan found himself face to face with a serious situation at Fisher's Hill. The Confederate position there was a strong one, having a flank resting on the Shenandoah River and the other against North Mountains.

Caution was no less one of this great commander's qualities than dash, and he wisely took a day or two to reconnoiter. He surveyed the situation well, gained all the information he could, and then took his resolve. He decided upon a general advance for a certain day and at a certain hour. The 22d of September was fixed as the day, and five o'clock as the hour. On that day he rode the entire length of the line and to each general gave the same instructions: "Advance at five o'clock." Coming to the brigade of Gen. Daniel Macauley—he of the Fifty-fourth Indiana—he said: "General Macauley, set your watch with mine. At five o'clock exactly you, with the others, are to advance. In the mean time, I want you to make a reconnaissance in force and ascertain who is in front of you and his strength. I am a little in doubt. Report the result to me as soon as possible. Be sure not to bring on a general engagement."

General Macauley took two regiments for the task, but did not get very far. He found the enemy in force everywhere. At a certain place he said to one of his aides, Captain Bailey: "Go to that point," indicating a little eminence, "and tell me what you discover with your glasses."

Bailey started toward the point designated, followed by an orderly. The recon-

noitering party passed on, and finally returned to their assigned position very little the wiser; but Bailey did not return with them. Five o'clock came, still no Bailey and no orderly. "Oh, well," all thought, "the same old story; killed or captured."

The advance was made at five o'clock, and, we all know, successfully. Finally Appomattox came, the war was over, the great review was held at Washington, and the troops of the Grand Army dispersed to their homes.

General Macauley went back to Indianapolis, where he was not only appreciated as a glorious good fellow, but honored as the hero that he was. In 1867, by an overwhelming majority, he was carried into the mayor's chair. One of his duties, in this position, was to hold the police court. One morning he was striving to get, from out of all the *pros* and *cons*, the right of an assault and battery case, when the court-room door opened, and in on a crutch, stumped a one-legged man. No one noticed him until he was half-way up the court-room, and even then, had it not been that he kept his cap on, he would not have attracted special attention. On he pegged, looking neither to the right nor to the left; on past visitors, witnesses and lawyers, until he came close to the bench. Then he stopped, saluted, and said in a loud voice and to the consternation of all: "General, I have the honor to report that it's the whole of Gordon's division that's on the other side." Then he saluted again, turned on his crutch, and without changing a feature of his face, and looking neither to one side nor the other, pegged back as he came and passed out at the door.

The court and all in attendance were for the moment paralyzed, but in a second or two General Macauley sprang from his seat, and throwing up both arms, shouted: "Why, that's Jim Bailey, whom I sent out at Fisher's Hill! Mr. Marshal, adjourn the court! Mr. Clerk, go fetch that man back; and you, prisoner, go—wherever you will."

Bailey came back, and the two weather-beaten warriors fell upon each other's necks and wept like children. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. No special "crier" was required by that court. Everybody cried, and then they shouted and then they cried and shouted again, and Bailey had no use for his crutch when he left the court-room, for he was carried out on men's shoulders.

It seems that he was wounded and captured on that memorable day at Fisher's Hill, and his leg was taken off in Libby Prison. When the war was over, he was released and went straight back to his Massachusetts home. He longed, however, to see his old general, and making the journey to Indianapolis for the purpose, took this way of reintroducing himself.

## Helping a Surgeon to His Senses.

At the battle of Savage's Station a corporal named Kelly, known as the "tall corporal," was badly wounded in the leg. I was hit in the arm—not a serious wound, but a painful one. The next morning, as I was lying on my blanket under a tree, waiting for transportation to White House Landing, one of the men remarked: "They're going to take off Kelly's leg, sir!" I sprang to my feet, and, with my arm in his sling still giving me excruciating pain, made my way to the field hospital.

Nor was I too soon. Poor Kelly was lying in the line of promotion to the operating table. I found him greatly depressed, and wholly unconcerned to the operation.

"There's no call to talk of me, Loo-tin-ant," said he, "and I'd rather die first. I'll git welltidy enough as they'll lit me alone. They're nothing but a lot of contract spallpene, anyhow, and be the powers, af oi had me gun they wouldn't do it! Can't ye save me, Loo-tin-ant, and may the saints bliss ye?"

"I could only say, 'I'll try.'"

"I waited until Kelly was near the knife, when I earnestly expostulated with the young surgeon! He looked at me patronizingly, and said, with the politeness of an under-done 'medico': 'Perhaps you know this business better than I do.'"

The hot blood leaped in my veins, and with more emphasis than discretion, I replied: "Perhaps I do. I've got a commission for my business, and you haven't got even a diploma for yours. All that man's leg wants is proper probing and dressing, and that's all it will have. He owns the leg and wants to keep it. I am his commanding officer and your superior in rank. Do as I ask, and we will take the responsibility."

For my answer I got a snarl, and, "Put him on the table."

Out came my revolver, and before I realized the rashness of the proceeding I had said: "You boy-butcher! As his commander and as your superior officer I order that you only probe and dress the wound. I've got but one arm, as you see, but put a knife to that leg, and I'll send a bullet through your hand!"

Of course I was wrong. Of course I had no command over him; but I had put my hand to the plow, and was too foolhardy to turn back. I should have come to disastrous grief if the matter had ever gone to higher authorities, but, luckily, it did not. We looked at each other for perhaps three seconds (it seemed half an hour); and whether from a prick to his diminutive conscience or because he didn't know his rights, I can't say, but he did simply probe and dress the wound.

That leg afterward carried the fearless Kelly through many a hard-fought battle, all the way to the Wilderness; but I know nothing of it since he took it away with him in first-rate condition from Appomattox Courthouse.

## One of God's Fools.

Joe came into the regiment no one knew exactly how or whence. He was not quite a "natural," but well along toward it. From a friend who came to look for him, it was learned that he had received an injury to his head when quite young. School was of little use to him, and he hardly got beyond his letters and the writing of his name. He was always spoken of as "Poor Joe."

We all wondered how any recruiting officer accepted him; and, more, how he got the consent of his family to enlist. Recruiting officers were not very particular, however, and as for Joe's family, it transpired that they never had a chance to protest, for Joe Macauley, set your watch with mine. At five o'clock exactly you, with the others, are to advance. In the mean time, I want you to make a reconnaissance in force and ascertain who is in front of you and his strength. I am a little in doubt. Report the result to me as soon as possible. Be sure not to bring on a general engagement."

General Macauley took two regiments for the task, but did not get very far. He found the enemy in force everywhere. At a certain place he said to one of his aides, Captain Bailey: "Go to that point," indicating a little eminence, "and tell me what you discover with your glasses."

driven back, it was found that one of Joe's tent-mates had been wounded and left between the lines. When Joe heard of it he was beside himself with grief. He threw down his gun and ran straight into the fire in front, shouting: "Give me Lem! Give me Lem! Don't you touch me or I'll tell Mr. Lincoln! Give me Lem!"

Unscathed, he reached the Confederate lines. There he found Lem, picked him up, and started back. A Confederate soldier essayed to detain him, but the officer in command—noble fellow—shouted: "No! No! Let no one lay hands on that man and dare to call himself a soldier. Go, my brave fellow, and God preserve you." And Joe regained his regiment without a scratch, bearing his comrade in his arms.

At Gettysburg our command was supporting a battery, and Joe, exhausted from long duty, had crawled under one of the guns of the battery and gone to sleep. A shell struck near, scattering showers of earth all about. Joe awoke with eyes and ears full, got up, shook himself, brushed the dirt away as well as he could, faced the "rebs," and in that fearful din shouted: "Say, Johnnie, don't you do that agin, or I'll come over there and lick ye." Then he lay down under the gun again, and went to sleep. One of God's fools!

## A Loyal Comrade.

The 10th New York had in its conglomerate aggregation two men—tent-mates—who were utterly and hopelessly paralyzed, morally. Physically, they were giants; ethically, they were wrecks.

Both in stealings by day and revellings by night they were constant companions, and while they fought each other like wild cats, 'twas betide the outsider who should try to make peace between them.

Moran was tall, lean, and round-shouldered, with a head of hair like a red chrysanthemum and eyes like black buttons. His clothes seemed to hang on him only from his neck. He had a foot like a plantation darkey's, and hands made the same day.

McFeeley was also tall. From behind he was an Apollo; but in front he carried a face that would stop a clock—an ideal "plugging" countenance.

Yes, they were in my company. Either could have annihilated me with one stroke of the hand; but in some way I had gained their confidence and could lead—not drive—their almost at will and in almost any stage of debauch. On the march I was not allowed to carry even my blanket, and they would forage for me (and themselves) at the risk of their lives.

Into the second battle of Bull Run, August 30, 1862, McFeeley carried a black eye. He had told Moran in a dispute that he was mistaken—only he hadn't made use of that particular word. He had used a shorter one; hence the black eye, for his lack of judgment.

The 10th went into the fight about one o'clock, to aid in breaking Jackson's line; but, unexpectedly, Longstreet opened on the flank with artillery and tore us all to pieces. Of sixty-three men whom I had taken in, I could muster only twenty-eight when we came out. With a heavy heart I joined the retreat toward Centerville. Personally I had lost the tip of an ear. That was nothing; but, what was a great deal, I had lost Moran and McFeeley. Turning the company over to the second lieutenant, I went in search of them. It was probable that they had been left on the field with Jackson, but still I searched in every ambulance. At night we halted, and a field hospital was established. I went from place to place, and at length found them both—together. McFeeley had been wounded in the leg—a bad shot—and Moran had rushed back on to disputed ground, open to the fire from both sides, to get his friend. He had shouldered him and reached our lines, when a ball through his own leg brought them both down. The two had been put into an ambulance and unloaded where I found them.

I got a surgeon to examine their wounds; he found one as badly off as the other. Both were bleeding and were very weak.

"Docthor," said McFeeley, "dotuk Moran first. I'm all right. Lestways you can tie me up till he's fixed. He has a wife, and I'm by myself."

The surgeon took a twist of the bandage on McFeeley's leg about the wound, and turned to Moran. The bone was shattered beyond help, and the poor fellow was told that the leg must come off. He looked at me imploringly; I could only say with a choking voice, "Yes, Moran, it must."

"Dennis," said he to McFeeley, "give me hold of yer hand, me boy. Loo-tin-ant, give me a poize of 'baccy. Now, Docthor, go ahead."

The doctor went ahead, and that brave fellow scarce uttered a sound. The task finished, the surgeon turned to McFeeley, but he answered not. I took hold of his hand, but it was limp. We saw together that the improvised tourniquet had slipped. A pool of blood told the story. The heroic soldier would not complain to his friend's disadvantage, even to save his own life. McFeeley was dead!

## MANILA HEMP.

A Correspondent Has His Say on Root and Corbin.

Editor Globe:

In the Hemp deal of the Corbin, McKeljohn, Boyd, Heistand and Citizen Hawkes combination it would seem that expenses to cablegrams cut no figure, as all was paid for by the Government. Of course General Corbin's explanation everybody believes (nit), and to help him out his private secretary was placed on the stand, and in his testimony he states that when the Otis cablegram was read Adjutant General Corbin did not know what it meant, and gave him instructions to investigate the matter. After one-half day's hunt through the department Colonel Heistand was found and acknowledged that the cablegram from Otis was in answer to one from him, and it is fair to presume that Corbin knew that it was official and charged to the government.

The writer would ask if the Philippine government has been reimbursed for the cablegram sent by Otis, or has that been forgotten by the gallant Colonel Heistand and his Chief General Corbin?

It is to be hoped that the Military Committee of the Senate will be sufficiently thorough to look out a little for the Manila end of the cablegram business.

From the evidence so far in this investigation it would seem there is at least two good-sized niggers in the wood pile, and they answer to the names of Root and Corbin, with Colonel Heistand as aid de camp. The eye of the President should be upon these worthies. While it is said Root is a warm personal friend of the President, that does not excuse the President for not taking action when it is well known that the proof of his wrong doing is beyond question.

J. W.

## NEELY ON TRIAL

The Great American Looter of  
Cuban Post-offices.

FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

And the More-than-probability that the Whole Gang, Including Rathbone, Will Stretch the Proceedings Until the United States Withdraws from the Island, When the Looters Will be Restored to Freedom.

Our old acquaintance, Charles F. W. Neely, who started in to show the Cubans what a real, live American official could do in the way of embezzlement of public funds, is about to be tried for his crime. "About to be tried" exactly fits his case, for it is but the preliminary bout with the Spanish law in Havana he is now up against. Of course Neely will appeal and delay matters, if convicted, until the United States turns the island over to its rightful owners and then Neely and Rathbone will swim ashore. In other words they will be released and restored to the bosom of their mourning country.

The Havana papers inform us that the trial for his robbery of the postal department of the Island of Cuba has at last begun to assume a shape that promises at some not too distant day to give indications of just what it really is. Up to the present the public has been left to form its own conclusions as to the charge against the prisoner, the evidence in possession of the government, and the probable result, with no data by which to be guided.

The fiscal who corresponds to our prosecuting attorney in so far as he represents the government, has attempted to combine his evidence in such form that it can be used against Neely and Reeves, as well as Rathbone.

The 1st of January, 1899, saw Estes G. Rathbone, of Hamilton, Ohio, in charge of postal affairs in the Island of Cuba, with the title of director general of posts. About that date there arrived in Havana one Charles F. W. Neely, who was strongly recommended to Rathbone as a man qualified for and worthy of a good position. The director general made Neely his "chief financial agent," and his duties were to take charge of all cash that flowed in, make all purchases for the department, and take an occasional trip to the States to deposit the government's share of the funds in the Treasury.

Insular accounts were audited in a desultory manner for several months. Attention finally was called to the lamentably lax methods, and the Washington postal authorities took a hand. W. H. Reeves, an employee of the Fourth Auditor's office, was sent to Havana and became auditor of postal accounts. In December of 1899, Col. George D. Burton, inspector general, United States army, while investigating conditions in the Havana post-office, discovered an apparent shortage of \$12,000. This, Neely explained, was then "in transit," and Colonel Burton was satisfied.

In April, 1900, another inspection was ordered, and Neely's arrest followed. Governor General Wood and Postmaster-General Smith used every possible means to secure evidence against all who could have been implicated. The prosecution quickly centered on Neely, Rathbone, Reeves, and Corydon Rich, Neely's personal friend and assistant. Neely was arrested as the principal; Rathbone for complicity, and the others on suspicion.

After Congress had passed the extradition bill, Neely was sent to Havana and placed in jail. Rathbone was liberated under a bond of \$25,000, but forbidden to leave the island. Reeves and Rich were held under surveillance, and allowed \$75 and \$125 per month, respectively, as witnesses.

The government first employed Ernest Lee Conant, of the firm of Page & Conant, to prosecute the cases. There was a disagreement between Gen. Wood and Mr. Conant, which caused the latter to withdraw from the case. Horatio S. Rubens and L. Q. C. Lamar were appointed to succeed Mr. Conant, but within a few months Gen. Wood decided that the cases had progressed sufficiently to enable him to do without the services of an American lawyer, so he turned them over to the fiscal, with orders to prepare them for presentation in the Audiencia, or second court of the island. Messrs. Rubens and Lamar had arranged to come to the States, hunt up witnesses who had left the island, and take their testimony before United States commissioners. The fiscal merely prepared a series of interrogatories and forwarded them by mail, asking for early replies. Of these he received very few, chiefly because the questions were formulated in Spanish and translated into English so poorly that their legal value was largely destroyed. Nevertheless, on this evidence the men are to be tried.

The fiscal has the power to ask the court to impose a punishment of his designation. He will ask that Rathbone and Neely each be sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment and Reeves to twenty-four, and that each pay a fine of \$150,000, the amount of the alleged defalcation.

The charge against Rathbone is that he permitted—therefore consented to and tacitly authorized—the embezzlement. This charge is based on a statement made by Reeves in his confession, wherein he declares that, being unwilling to enter into collusion with Neely, the latter told him that "the old man is in; he knows all about it." Reeves says that he himself knew nothing of fraudulent dealings until October, but admits that he attached Rathbone's name to several specified warrants in the preceding May.

Besides Reeves' evidence, Rathbone must explain away, to the satisfaction of the court, charges of misapplying funds to the amount of about \$1,800, part of which was a per diem allowance which, it is claimed, he was not entitled to.

It must not be inferred that this trial is to end soon. The request of the fiscal as to punishment amounts to nothing more than a recommendation. There is a mass of evidence to be examined on both sides and the hearing will be further complicated by the fact that many witnesses are in the Philippines, Porto Rico and the United States, and cannot—or will not—come to Cuba. Then, when the Audiencia has rendered its decision, an appeal can be made to the Supreme Court, and the whole affair dragged through its wearisome length again.

The general opinion in Havana is that should the final hearing occur prior to the cessation of American authority, Neely and Reeves will be found guilty, and Rathbone fined heavily for criminal negligence; while if a decision is not rendered until the Cuban government shall have taken charge all will be acquitted.

## MEN TREATED FREE

This offer is given to prove the superiority of my treatment over all others, and will be given absolutely FREE, including medicine, provided you apply before Saturday, October 26, 8 p. m.

The doctor's great offer. If you are suffering from any disease or condition peculiar to men, or if you have been disappointed in getting cured, you are especially invited to place yourself under my care free of any charge whatever. I will explain to you MY SYSTEM OF TREATMENT, originated and developed after long experience in treating special diseases of men. I have no belts, specifics, free samples, trial treatments or electro-medical combinations or similar devices, which do no not and cannot cure diseases peculiar to men.

If you are incurable I will tell you so, and advise you so that you may avoid being humbugged by unscrupulous practitioners who claim to cure all cases. If, after examining you, I find your case curable, I will insure a permanent cure, inasmuch as I will give you a written guarantee.

## STRICTURE

is a complete or partial closure of the canal. I care not who has treated you and failed. I will cure you just as sure as you will come to me for treatment. I will not do it by CUTTING or dilating, as my treatment is painless and all obstructions are permanently removed from the canal.

## DISCHARGES,

such as gonorrhea and gleet, germ diseases, stopped forever in 3 to 5 days.

## HYDROCELE

or any swellings, tenderness or impediments cured and organs restored to their normal sizes at once.

## DRAINS

that sap the life of man and later lead to the complete loss of all powers, stopped forever in 10 to 15 days.

## BLADDER AND KIDNEY

troubles are always caused by inflammations extending from the surrounding parts. Do you have pain in your back and loins? Is your sleep disturbed at nights on account of frequent getting up to urinate? Have you tried other doctors and failed to get a cure? If so, I want you to call on me, as it is treating and effecting such cures in such cases that has made my system of treatment so well known.

## PROSTATIC

Disease is usually met with in men advanced in years, and is a condition that burdens one for the balance of life. By my system of treatment you are relieved at once. If you are suffering from such trouble, suffer no longer. Come and let me give you the names and addresses of people that I have cured, and they will willingly tell you the benefits derived from my treatment.

## IMPOTENCY

is caused by excesses of early or late life. Fear not how long you have been afflicted, nor how old you are, as my system of treatment is especially adapted for such cases, and a permanent cure awaits you.

## WRITE

If you cannot call. All correspondence strictly confidential, and all replies sent in plain envelopes. Inclose 2c. stamp to insure reply. Office Hours—9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8. Sundays, 10 to 12.

## ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL.

If you apply before October 19th, 8 P. M., you will be treated free of charge. The offer means just what it says. If you are afflicted with any of the symptoms indicated in these columns to-day, the offer means you, and it is important that you should understand it.

## RICE MEDICAL SOCIETY

Offices: 613 Thirteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.  
E. C. BARTOW, M. D., Consultant.

## CONTRACTORS, NOTICE.

We are headquarters for supplies in this line: Railroad Barrows, Mortar Barrows, Imperial Iron Beams, Road Plows and Scrapers for heavy grading and excavating purposes, Water Tanks and Barrels, Dirt Wagons and Cards, and full line of Harpess. It would be well for contractors in this line, before buying elsewhere, to get our prices. We also carry in stock Lawn Mowers, Lawn Rollers, Garden Hose and Tools. Plows repaired and castings furnished for all Plows.

P. MANN & CO., 207 7th St. N. W.  
Opposite Center Market.

Watson & Co.,  
STOCKS AND BONDS,

Offices 1417 F Street, Phone 1557, and 2d Floor Jenifer Building,  
7th and D Streets, Phone 1738.

1 per cent margins. No interest.

Direct wires to New York.

Strictly commission business.

The paper "THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE" is printed on is furnished by R. P. Andrews & Co., Inc., 627-629 Louisiana Avenue, Northwest. The Only Strictly Wholesale Paper House in this city. Sole Agents in the District of Columbia for the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co., the largest manufacturers of Book Papers in the world. If you need paper, better try them. Phone, 595 East

Stalee's "KORELLO" Photos are among  
our newest and daintiest  
mounts.

1107 F Street Northwest.

Stylish and Satisfactory.

## MONEY TO LOAN

ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, ETC.:

without removal from your possession and in any amount from \$10 to \$500. Our rates are the cheapest, and you can make your own terms. Loans made within three hours from the time you apply. We loan for the interest only, and do not want your goods, so you need have no fear of losing them. Our offices are up on the fifth floor, away from the street, and are so arranged that we can insure strictest privacy. Drop in and get our rates.

## POTOMAC GUARANTEE LOAN CO.

950 F Street, near 9th N. W.  
Room 7, Atlantic Building  
Take Elevator to Fifth Floor.

It's Nobody's Business Why You Need the Money.

But when you do need it come to us. We loan any amount from \$5 to \$1,000, without publicity, without embarrassment, and on plain, simple, easily understood and easily kept terms. Salaries, Furniture, Pianos, etc., almost any kind of security accepted. See us to-day or 'phone 1145. The Old Reliable

Capital Loan Guarantee Company, 602 F Street N. W.